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Contents

Editorial Notes 301
An Appeal to the President 303
Leading Editorials
If We Enter the War 305
Hours of Work Must Be Limited 306
General Articles
Universal Service as Education ..... John Dewey 309
Acting as a Trade ..... Hiram Kelly Moderwell 310
America at the Peace Conference? ..... George Louis Beer 312
The Heroin Habit ..... Pearce Bailey 314
Verse 317
Correspondence 319
After the Play ..... A. B. K. 320
Books and Things ..... P. L. 321
Reviews of Books
Fallacies and Follies ..... F. H. 322
Artzibashef ..... Alfred Kuttner 323
Learning to Write ..... R. B. 326

PRESIDENT WILSON has acted wisely in reenforcing what may be his final note to Germany with a frank and full explanation of his case for the benefit of Congress and American public opinion. His decision to settle accounts with Germany may be one of the most momentous acts in American history. It may transform the foreign policy of the United States, determine the place of the American Republic in the future international system, and involve a correspondingly stupendous reaction upon our domestic life. If the President ever needed the loyal and intelligent support of his fellow countrymen he needs it now. That he will get it there can be little doubt. Less enthusiasm will be aroused by a break with Germany than would have been after the sinking of the Lusitania, but there will also be less opposition. Americans are reconciled to the idea that the nation cannot abandon the protection of non-combatant life at sea without a loss of national self-respect. We do not want war with Germany; we want above all to avoid being involved in irrelevant European controversies; but we are willing to run the risk of war rather than abandon to barbarous and irretrievable terrorism the highway of the sea, which American citizens must use to reach the rest of the world. In so doing we are perhaps obeying an instinct deeper far than any explicit reason which is being urged in favor of our acquiescence. It was the opening of the great marine highway which traced the new world on the map. Our fathers came to this country as a consequence of the increasing freedom and safety of communication by sea. Our national security depends primarily upon the kind of law which obtains on the seas and the kind of sanction which lies behind it. No wonder we acquiesce.

AMERICAN public opinion should not cherish any illusions as to the consequences of a break with Germany. If a break comes American relations with Germany may get better or they may get worse; but they cannot remain in equilibrium. To be satisfied in a crisis like the present merely with a threatening gesture would constitute for American statesmanship a confession of bankruptcy. If Germany does not yield, her failure to do so will be followed by consequences such as the killing of more Americans at sea which this country cannot ignore. The gesture must then be followed by some action which will contribute to the accomplishment of those objects of national and international policy in the interest of which the United States was willing to incur the enmity of the German nation. Not to do anything would be humiliating. To plunge into the war without planning in advance to secure the objects which dictated our original threat would be inept almost to the point of absurdity. The country has a right to demand of the administration some indication of a plan of future action which will really carry the gesture through.

LEGALISTIC habits of thought have seldom displayed their inadequacy more disastrously than in the attitude of Carranza and his generals toward the American expedition into Mexico. The most serious menace both to the domestic peace of

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Mexico and to the territorial inviolability of the nation was Villa and his bandit following. After the Columbus raid it was to be taken for granted that either the Carranza forces would promptly eliminate Villa or the forces of the United States would undertake to do it. Yet the bandit chieftain was permitted to march unmolested hundreds of miles through territory garrisoned by superior *de facto* forces, while the First Chief and his lieutenants were quibbling over the handicaps under which an American punitive expedition ought to labor. If our legal position in Mexico is not very clear under international law, it is to be borne in mind that international law presupposes the existence of organized nations, capable of maintaining order and fulfilling their obligations. Mexico at present is only potentially a nation, and can afford to overlook exceptions to the rules that will apply when her house is in order.

TWO jobs in pursuit of one man: what a demoralizing spectacle! And when the man in question is the quasi-property of an industry unpolluted by modern unrest, how subversive is such competition to sound public policy, not only in the eyes of the employer, but also in the eyes of traditional-minded neutrals. Dr. Webster, Secretary of the American Seaman's Friend Society, is reported in the *World* as saying, "I have reason to believe that the shipping and the industrial people have sometimes taken to bidding for the sailor's services. Such a policy cannot have any but an injurious effect on the shipping interests of this port. . . ." There used to be excellent laws on this Atlantic seaboard penalizing the enticing away of one another's servants by bribes of higher pay. Nowadays all that can be done is to regulate the matter by "gentlemen's agreements." If such agreements are not concluded, the shipping industry may yet have to raise its pay and improve its conditions of employment to the level obtaining ashore.

WHERE is that expedition against the Suez Canal? Where is that spike-helmeted soldier so often depicted in German illustrated papers as sitting on the head of the Sphinx? For instead of an Egyptian invasion we read of British offensives in the Mt. Sinai Peninsula. Sir Percy Lake reports progress south of Kut. The Russians threaten Bagdad both from the Persian border and from Armenia. Two Turkish divisions fresh from the Dardanelles, one near Trebizond, one southwest of Bitlis, have been defeated and scattered by the Russians. The Turks are everywhere on the defensive, everywhere operating far from their railheads. Returning travellers from Anatolia and Syria report food scarce. All loyal Turks, less Arabs, Armenians and Syrian Greeks, have long since joined the colors, but Turkish women will not work in the fields as their Christian sisters do. The Turks' losses have been enormous both from wounds and from disease, their supplies are running short, Armenia and Mesopotamia have been invaded. The rulers of Constantinople—Enver and Talaat—still appear to maintain themselves in power, backed by German force, but it is a question whether their influence can withstand another serious reverse upon the field of battle. It is possible that Turkey may be forever lost to the Central Empires.

ONE of President Wilson's peculiarities as a writer is beautifully illustrated by this bit from his Jefferson Day speech: "When I see the crust even so much as slightly broken over the heads of a population which has always been living under a board of trustees, I make up my mind that I will thrust not only my arm but my heart in the aperture, and that only by crushing every ounce of power that I can use shall any man ever close that opening up again." The advantage which the population would gain by having such a desirable breathing-hole stopped up, even by portions of a President's person, is not obvious. Nor is the figurative language easier to understand if we visualize it, if we imagine President Wilson thrusting arm and heart up or down into a hole in some gigantic pie crust, beneath which a population has been living like four and twenty blackbirds. The picture grows a little less baffling if we conceive the presidential heart as worn on the presidential sleeve. Even so, it is hard to get that board of trustees into the picture. Are they sitting on top of the crust, or where?

A POTENTIAL crime whose obvious cause is "an appraisement of property as of greater value than human life" is brought to light in the initial report of the Bryn Mawr Alumnæ Committee on Fire Prevention. Gimbel Brothers' department store in the heart of Philadelphia, a ten-story unprotected structure, employing 5,000 persons, mostly girls and children, has successfully defied the Fire Marshall act for years. The city has brought suit. Resolutions have been presented by the Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, and just recently by the Bryn Mawr committee. But enforcement of the law is complicated by the fact that more than one-half the property with its adapted buildings belongs to the estates of old Philadelphia families. So flagrant is the menace that the insurance companies force surrounding property-holders to pay approximately $100,000 super charges per annum. But the newspapers avoid nettling a lucrative advertiser, and the public remains apathetic. Action may come too late.

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An Appeal to the President

SIR: A week ago Thursday night you spoke to members of your party, but you appealed to the whole nation. You stood in the shadow of what the public believed was a break with Germany. You used words then which no man in your position would have used unless they were meant to indicate what was in your mind about the crisis which is upon us. You asked us whether we were ready to go in only when the interests of America are coincident with the interests of mankind. Those are brave words, and if we judge the American people correctly they are ready to go in on these terms. But they will want to know what those words mean. They will want you to enunciate not only a great aspiration but a great policy. It is to help what little we can towards formulating such a policy that we venture to address you.

To do that it is necessary to analyze America's policy since the war began. We have been officially neutral. We have claimed the protection which international law promises to neutral life and trade. We have claimed the right to export munitions to any belligerent who was physically able to fetch them. We have seen the protection of international law broken down by both groups of fighting powers, murderously on the part of Germany, quietly and effectively on the part of Great Britain. We have seen the law of nations grossly violated in the case of Belgium, in lesser ways by the Allies. We have seen the smaller neutrals like Holland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Greece helpless in the great conflict. The neutrals have proved their impotence to protect their rights in the midst of war.

At last one form of outrage upon us has become intolerable. Germany's conduct of submarine warfare overshadows everything else, and you have led us to the breaking point. We are threatening to suspend diplomatic relations. But you must realize better than any one else that this in itself would be an empty gesture unless there were behind it the distinct understanding that another outrage meant action of a kind which would damage Germany. Therefore, with the rupture of relations we are brought to the verge of war. Let us remember what this means. It means that we are abandoning neutrality in order to preserve the recognized rights of a neutral. What possibility is there, Mr. President, that we can by fighting attain the object for which we go to war? To declare war now in the old fashioned way is to join the Allies. This means first of all that we accept the British Orders in Council as the basis of sea law. We yield at once a very large portion of the neutral rights for which we have been contending.

But there is a deeper consideration. Can we by going to war with Germany obtain the kind of guaranty which we desire? Suppose that in conjunction with the Allies we beat Germany to the ground and are in a position to dictate the terms of peace. What guaranty can we extract from Germany which will prevent for the future such crimes as the sinking of the Lusitania? We can obtain a promise from Germany. Nothing more. But promises we have already had, and the reason we are now in a crisis with Germany is not that she will not promise but that she will not fulfill her promise.

Moreover, if you break with Germany now, if you declare war upon her, on what terms will you resume relations, on what terms will you make peace? How will you know when you have won what you are contending for? When Germany sues for peace, offers apologies and reparation, and makes promises for the future? You have had all these things from Germany, and the fearful fact is that when military necessity is great enough, the promises are worthless. Then, too, if you go into the war, on what basis will you go in? Will you sign the pact of the Allies not to make a separate peace? You could not do that. You would not dare to pledge the future of this country in a compact the purposes of which have never been defined. You can not pledge us to Russia and Italy and Japan. You would not entangle us in the ambitions of Italy for the control of Trieste and the Dalmatian coast, in the ambitions of Russia to obtain Constantinople.

Yet if we declare war, join the Allies, sign their

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pact, we shall have begun for the purpose of vindicating our right to travel at sea, but we shall end by fighting to change the political control of the Near East. And when it is all over we shall not have the slightest idea whether we have attained the object for which we fought.

This, Mr. President, is a situation which requires a different kind of action, a situation which offers you an unparalleled opportunity for constructive leadership. With all respect we submit the following suggestions:

Neutrality in the old meaning of the term has ceased to be possible. It has no way of defending itself except by abandoning its neutrality. The reason why neutrality is so helpless is that each neutral has tried to protect its specific rights under the law of nations, whereas the true principle is to uphold the law whether your rights are violated or not. Only when all nations are ready to act in behalf of the general rule will that rule come to have any binding force. A common defense of rights is the only way individual rights can be maintained.

What does this mean? It means that we must abolish the old doctrine of neutrality. It means that we no longer intend to be neutral between the violator and his victim. We have learned from this war that one attack on law is followed by another, and that if lawbreaking is permitted at one point the anarchy infects every one. Therefore, we must say that from now on the United States is not neutral. It intends to use its moral power, its economic resources, and in some cases its military force against the aggressor.

How does it define the aggressor? The aggressor is the nation that will not submit its quarrel to international inquiry, that will not suspend action until the world has had a chance to pass judgment upon it, or that pursues its quarrel after the world has decided against it. With such a nation the United States will have no intercourse, against it will be employed the resources of America.

How can this principle be applied in the present crisis? By announcing to Germany that we shall not only break off negotiations but aid her enemies until she agrees to abandon submarine warfare against commerce, until she agrees to evacuate Belgium, France, and Serbia, to indemnify Belgium, and to accept the principle that in the future all nations shall use their resources against the Power which refuses to submit its quarrel to international inquiry. If Germany accepts this program, we shall agree to resume intercourse, and not to furnish special aid to her enemies; we shall agree to become one of the guarantors of Belgium's integrity, and to assist in maintaining the inviolability of buffer states which may be created after the war by refusing to furnish their invaders with supplies of any kind. Furthermore, we shall accord to Germans equal rights with Americans in all American protectorates, and we shall refuse to furnish any kind of aid to any Power which does not apply the open door in its protectorates and non-self-governing territories.

If you adopt some such policy as that, Mr. President, you will have turned this crisis to the service of mankind. You will have done more than any one else has ever done to put a sanction behind the law of nations. You will have transformed what may be a meaningless rupture into a significant event. You will have a thousand times better chance of stopping specific submarine outrages, and at the same time you will have done a very great deal towards organizing the world against the lawbreaker.

The worst that can happen to this plan, Mr. President, is that it can fail. But you will have set mankind thinking, and you will be in a position to use the older and cruder methods of plunging into war without definition of purpose or sight of the goal. But what if it is a success? You will have established the precedent that an injury to one is an injury to all, you will have put the power of the United States behind nations like Belgium which are the wards of mankind, and can exist only in a world where international law is respected. You will have pledged this country to the principle that only in a world where Belgium is safe can the United States be safe. You may lead Germany back into the family of nations, ready to acknowledge that there is a greater law than the law of her interests.

A Germany which has accepted the program suggested would be a chastened Germany, a Germany with whom liberal Europe could begin to negotiate.

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It has been your ideal, and the ideal of the American people, that we might make some contribution to the healing of this disaster. Until now there has been no opportunity. To have intervened would have been to meddle. But here our rights are involved. We have some standing in the conflict. We have injuries to redress, we have great power to exert. The opportunity has come. For when you break with Germany you are in a position to state what the break shall mean, and on what terms you will resume intercourse. Make those terms coincide with an international program. Make this crisis count. Here is a way by which you can translate into action the aspiration of your speech on Jefferson Day. There is a way of making the interests of America coincident with the interests of mankind. Here is a program which meets your splendid challenge:

> Are you ready for the test? Have you the courage to go in? Have you the courage to come out according as the balance is disturbed or readjusted for the interests of humanity?

You stand, Mr. President, before a choice such as comes to few men. You are at the crest of opportunity.

If We Enter the War

ASSUME that a break with Germany occurs: assume that this warning is ignored and the submarine commanders proceed, by choice or chosen accident, to send Americans along with other innocent non-combatants to the sea's bottom. Assume further that the administration fails to devise any peaceful method of applying effective pressure to Germany. What then? War with Germany would be the probable outcome, detestable though the thought of war is to every reasonable person in America. This is a contingency that the Germans must have taken into their calculations. It was in their minds when they sank the Lusitania; the risk, they rightly judged, was small, and the cost, if the risk were realized, not overwhelming. Suppose we did join the Allies, what concretely could we do? Our army negligible, our navy superfluous, we should be limited, so it was facetiously suggested in the German jingo press, to making faces at Germany. And while we were thus occupied, a great German drive in France or Flanders would end the European conflict. We should be left in a position to repent bitterly our ill-considered audacity, in attacking, unarmed, the most heavily armed nation on earth.

But the events of the last year have altered the complexion of the war. Our position with reference to the German cause has grown stronger, through no special merit of our own, be it confessed. Our entry into the war on the Allied side would now be recognized as a blow to Germany incomparably more serious than would have appeared a year ago. For the war has now definitely settled down to a contest of endurance. There will be no smashing of defensive lines, no overwhelming military success. Such is the testimony offered by the battle of Verdun, "the greatest battle in all history," according to German accounts, which in six weeks of fighting has merely forced back the French line along a front of forty miles to a greatest depth of five miles, and has left the numerical relations and the morale of the contending parties practically as they were at the beginning. The terms of peace, it is clearly seen, must depend ultimately upon the ability of either side to endure long-continued punishment. The test is one of men, munitions and money. In men the Central Powers have a present inferiority; the accession of the United States to the side of their enemies would insure superiority to the Allies no matter how long the war might last and no matter what the relative losses in the near future. If we have no trained men to spare at present, still in six months or a year we should find them, and manage to transport them in case of need. In munitions the Germans have held their own; but let the United States actually mobilize its manufacturing power, a power exceeding the combined manufacturing powers of the Central Empires, and Germany would inevitably be thrust into a position of inferiority. As for money, the Germans are already notably inferior to the Allies. The accession of the United States would practically double the Allied preponderance in this respect.

It has been argued by those who would dissuade the United States from insisting upon its rights even to the point of war that the immediate effects of American belligerency would be to the military advantage of Germany. The submarine campaign could then be carried on without reserve; moreover American munitions manufacture would be diverted to supplying our own needs. As to the submarine campaign, it is now waged with a maximum of ruthlessness against British freighters, and with few evidences of a desire to spare freighters in the service of neutral states, other than our own, plying to Allied ports. If the Germans did their worst, the situation, so far as the supplying of England and France is concerned,

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would not be changed materially. As to our commandeering all our munitions output, the idea is preposterous. For six months or a year we should have no army to equip, and in the meantime we should have had time for indefinite expansion of the munitions industry. What limits the industry now is chiefly the question of the willingness and ability of the Allies to pay. With the Allies' credit underwritten by our own colossal resources, there could be no possibility of lack of means to pay for munitions. And that we should deliberately withhold our resources from nations fighting a war that has become ours would imply that we had gone mad with jealousy for our own military glory.

The entry of the United States into the war, it is said, would prolong the conflict. This is probably true. We are a pacific nation, and pacific nations are the most ruthless antagonists, when aroused. A militaristic nation may content itself with an inconclusive peace. It means to maintain its military power intact in any case, and can contemplate a renewal of the struggle with serenity. A pacific nation wishes to disband its armies and devote itself wholly to peaceful pursuits. Therefore it seeks to destroy its enemy completely. That is why there was never any serious doubt that the North would give its last man, if necessary, for the subjugation of the South. That is why England is more insistent than Russia and France upon the complete humiliation of Germany. If the United States entered the war it would align itself with England as the most irreconcilable of Germany's foes. As neutrals Americans may see that it is not in the interest of the world that Germany should be crushed. As belligerents they would feel, exactly as Englishmen do, that the German menace must be destroyed once for all. Such a spirit would prolong the war. Granted; but we should accept the present cost in return for what we should regard as future security.

It is of importance, too, to consider what bearing the entry of the United States would have upon post-bellum commercial relations—"the war after the war." The plan of placing Germany at a serious commercial disadvantage through a system of commercial treaties among the Allies is more or less illusory, with the United States left out. If German competition were excluded from the British, French and Russian markets, it would concentrate upon the American market, the most valuable of all. If the Allies sought to secure for themselves a specially favorable position in Latin America, with the United States left out, German and American commercial power would work hand in hand to thwart them. With the United States included in such a commercial system, Germany would meet almost insuperable obstacles in her attempts to recover her foreign markets. What England and France could not supply to Russia and Italy, the United States could supply. What the European Allies could not take from one another or from Latin America, the United States could take. England can not afford to abandon free trade for a policy of commercial reciprocity with her European Allies. With a differential position, as against Germany in the American market, England could and probably would find it worth while to restore her customs duties.

We do not want war with Germany. We believe that the European war will come to an earlier close without our intervention. We believe that a peace attained through compromise between parties that have fully tried out each other's strength and have established a substantial equality is likely to prove a better and more lasting peace than one in which a party heavily preponderant, even through our aid, dictates terms. We believe that a commercial war following upon the present conflict would be inimical to the interests of the whole civilized world. Nevertheless we are certain to find ourselves at war with Germany, if the German government continues to hold our friendship so light as to sacrifice it to the trifling military gains attainable through submarine inhumanities. And once war is on, a complete transmutation of our values is bound to take place. In the interchange of injuries, during the war and after its close, we should endeavor to see to it that we did not come out worsted.

Hours of Work Must Be Limited

IS there any good reason why the state should limit the hours of labor permitted to men? How does this matter directly concern the community? The answer is contained in the brief presented to the Supreme Court in the so-called Bunting case, in support of the Oregon ten-hour law. It is an appeal to the world's experience showing that over-long hours of labor are a menace to health and vitality, to industrial efficiency and to the proper exercise of citizenship.

The brief begins by pointing out that the most striking fact in regard to mortality rates in the United States is the increase of so-called degenerative diseases—diseases of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys. This increase goes side by side with a decrease in the death rate of all diseases like tuberculosis and typhoid fever, which can be fought by sanitation. There follows a mass of testimony from physicians and public-health workers support-

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ing the proposition that the increase of the degenerative diseases has reached the proportions of a national menace.

From this the brief passes on to the more specific study of the dangers of long hours. It points out that science teaches that immunity from disease is due chiefly to adequate power of resistance. We have long recognized that in certain dangerous trades workers were especially subject to so-called "occupational diseases." Liability to such diseases is intensified by fatigue. But even in factories where no special occupational diseases threaten, fatigue itself constitutes a great peril to health by undermining vitality. Laboratory experiments show that fatigue markedly diminishes the power of the blood to overcome bacteria and their toxic products. Moreover, it is asserted that over-fatigue predisposes not only to the infectious but to the general diseases.

Too long hours and too great strain predispose also to nervous disorders. Physicians have recently found that nervous exhaustion is alarmingly prevalent not merely among brain workers as is commonly supposed, but among the industrial workers as well. In fact, so prevalent have neurasthenia and nervous disorders become that physicians in Europe have come to call them "modern occupational diseases." Fatigue may not, however, result in a specific immediate disease. More frequently it saps the physical energy of the worker and leads to general weakness, anemia or premature old age. Excessive working hours often, too, result in serious injury to the eyes and ears, and tend to overstrain any muscles and organs used in doing a particular kind of work. In modern industry there has been an increase of strain due to increased speed of machines. This is also intensified by the extreme monotony of many kinds of work. The minute specialization of labor results in a constant repetition of some motions, which brings on added fatigue. The abuses of piece-work in manufacture put a premium upon feverish activity. All this acts cumulatively as a burden on the disease-resisting power of the worker.

The conditions under which work is carried on add to the strain. Bad air, humidity, extremes of temperature, bad lighting and vibration, though not by any means to be found in all factories, nevertheless constitute a frequent environment of work. For example, employees in a cotton mill are constantly subjected to the danger of inhaling cotton dust and fluff, to a combination of heat and humidity, great noise, lack of ventilation, vibration of machinery and nauseating odor. It is not always possible, according to manufacturers, to eliminate such conditions, but at least we need not intensify their debilitating effect by long hours. The number of occupations in which the worker comes in contact with dangerous gases and poisons is much larger than the list usually called "dangerous trades." Among the dusty trades are such industries as baking, printing, the rag industry, and the manufacture of boots and shoes, brushes, shoddy, woolen and worsted.

Then follows a study of the nature and effects of fatigue. It is pointed out that an over-tired person is literally a poisoned person, poisoned by his own waste products. These wastes are impurities arising from chemical processes of cellular life. Recent medical research shows that fatigue is due not only to actual poison but to a specific toxin of fatigue analogous in its nature to other bacterial toxins. Excessive fatigue may not at first be noticed by the worker himself and the serious damage of over-long hours may be done before he has felt the effects. In recent years it has become possible to measure the fatigue of a single muscle or group of muscles, and the records show that after a certain degree of fatigue has set in the muscle becomes incapable of performing as much work as it did before without a proper period of rest. The working of fatigued muscles is a cumulative strain, both on the muscles and the nervous system. Adequate rest simply means that the fatigue of one day must be completely repaired before the next day's work begins.

The danger of long hours has a direct relation to industrial accidents. Thus, for example, in 126 cotton mills there are recorded:

73	accidents	between	6	and	7	A.M.
95	"	"	7	"	8	"
126	"	"	8	"	9	"
161	"	"	9	"	10	"
128	"	"	10	"	11	"
78	"	"	11	"	12	M.

The same rise and fall is shown for the afternoon work. Statistics drawn from all countries which keep records of industrial accidents tend to confirm this general curve showing a steady rise to the fourth or fifth hour of work, followed by a decline in the last hour owing probably to a decreased rate of output and the anticipation of rest. The liability to accident is of course increased by fatigue.

The effect of too long hours on the general morale is emphasized by authorities the world over. After excessive labor the overtaxed worker is left stupefied and responds only to the more obvious excitements. This means often that he seeks relief in drink, for alcohol is a solace after extreme heat and the inhalation of dust, and it is a stimulant for exhausted energies.

It is hardly necessary to insist that since health is the foundation of the state, a nation which allows

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its workers to be exhausted by continuous overexertion is corrupting its own foundation. Not only does it weaken its vitality, but it makes it impossible for the worker to share any kind of decent family life or use his leisure effectively.

The brief then turns to the discussion of the advantages of short hours. The communities which have reduced their hours of labor show an extraordinary improvement in physique, intelligence and morals. For adequate rest is a necessity, without which the worker is unable to take advantage of the civilizing forces in a community's life. It is impossible for an overtired man to learn anything. These statements, obvious enough to common sense, are supported by the experience of Germany and Australia and the United States, and the brief adduces a mass of testimony on this point.

If the great experiment of democracy is to have any chance of success the education of the citizen must not end on his fourteenth birthday, when wage-earning ordinarily begins. He must have leisure outside of working hours for continuing education and recreation, and he must not be too exhausted to make use of that leisure. The Americanization of the immigrant depends upon the limitation of hours, for Americanization means that the immigrant must learn to speak English and to understand American ideals and conditions. For this, night schools are being provided all over the country; but unless the worker can come to those schools with some freshness of mind the task is almost hopeless. If the citizen is to be a soldier his effectiveness depends upon maintaining his physique. Some notion of what this problem means may be realized when we read that in 1915, 41,000 men applied for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps, and of these not quite 4,000 were found physically fit for the service. In the city of New York, 11,012 men applied and 316 were found fit for service.

Shortening of hours does not in the long run destroy commercial prosperity. On the contrary, the increase of efficiency more than pays for the decrease of hours actually at work. The evidence here covers not only the textile industry, which has long been a classic, but iron, steel, tin, mining, glass work, chemicals, cigars, shoes and many other industries. The shorter working day also acts as a stimulus to maintain efficiency on the part of the employer. It has led to a new scrutiny of methods and regulation and to the invention of ways of eliminating lost time by a better flow of work and materials through the factory. It has acted as an incentive to the installation of improved machinery and new processes. Too long hours on the other hand are fatal to efficiency and the work deteriorates at the end of the day both in quality and in quantity. Wages are almost invariably higher in industries in which the short work day has been established than they are in unregulated trades. And the shorter work day also tends to regularize industry and to substitute a normal distribution of work throughout the year, for alternating periods of intense overwork and idleness.

The shorter working day should be enforced by law because uniformity is essential to justice between different employers. It is the best method by which the unscrupulous employer who undermines the health of his labor can be compelled to reach the same standard as that of the intelligent and enlightened employer. In many industries the trend towards a shorter work day is plainly visible. It has come about in part through legislation, in part through the intelligence of certain employers and in large measure through the activity of organized labor. Nevertheless a very large number of men are still employed twelve hours a day or more. The census of 1910 showed that the 72-hour week prevailed for 95 per cent of employers in sugar and molasses, 85 per cent in blast furnaces, 64 per cent in the ice industry, 57 per cent in the glucose and starch industry, and 57 per cent in the gas industry, and so on.

In the face of evidence like this, it seems farcical to pretend any longer that the hours of labor are merely a detail of a private contract between a workman and an employer, and that they are of no public concern. The state employs its police power to regulate traffic on city streets, to protect the lives of wild animals and birds, to prohibit the sale of beer and cigarettes. Surely the state has power to guard its citizens against an insidious and widespread vital danger. Unless we deal radically with this issue, the modern industrial system in many instances is bound to lead to a pronounced degeneration of our national stock.

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Universal Service as Education

I

IT is our American habit if we find the foundations of our educational structure unsatisfactory to add another story or a wing. We find it easier to add a new study or course or kind of school than to reorganize existing conditions so as to meet the need. Manual training schools, trade schools, vocational schools and courses, now pre-vocational schools—and next year perhaps pre-pre-vocational and post-vocational—testify how we manage when it is seen that our system does not conform to the demands of present life. Just now we have discovered new defects and are having another addition to our educational scheme urged upon us. The defects are that our educational measures do not assimilate the foreign born and that they do not develop public-mindedness, a sense of public service and responsibility. Some persons might think that the remedy is to improve our existing educational agencies and to make our existing public institutions—including government—more serviceable to the people so that they would arouse greater devotion. But no: let everything else be as it is, and let us add a new agency devised *ad hoc*. Let us have the school of universal and compulsory military service, and the trick is done.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge that there is an awakening to the presence in our country of large immigrant masses who may remain as much aliens as if they never entered our gateways. It is questionable, however, if there is much gain in passing at one bound from seeing nothing to seeing red. Having formerly lulled ourselves to sleep with the word "melting-pot" we have now turned to the word "hyphenate" as denoting the last thing in scares with a thrill. Casting about for some magic, universal military service is to replace the schoolhouse as the melting and brewing pot. In the words of Major General Wood, "Great portions of our population develop in racial areas, reading a dialect press and controlled in the intervening years by dialect interests. Some sort of community of service must be established in order to develop a proper and necessary appreciation of the duties and obligations of American citizenship. I believe that the best method is by some sort of a systematized military training of a universal character." Is it then axiomatic that nothing socializes the mind and enables it to think in public terms so much as a service rendered under military auspices, with the accustomed environment of military paraphernalia and by the traditional rules of military command and obedience?

A speech of Major General Wood as reported in a Philadelphia newspaper puts the matter more vividly. "It is a pretty dangerous situation to turn loose in this country all kinds of humanity seen on the docks at Ellis Island, to turn them loose with no sense of responsibility to their new land. They come in racial groups, drift through our schools in racial groups and are controlled by a dialect press. We are doing absolutely nothing to make these people understand that they are Americans, at least in the making." Then with swift intuition comes the remedy. "There is nothing like compulsory military service to accomplish this." I will not ask how much ignorance, and how much of the snobbery of those who, having been longer in the country, look with contempt and suspicion upon new comers there may be in this view, though I suspect that it is safer to idealize with Mary Antin's "Promised Land" than it is to take after-dinner long-distance surveys of Ellis Island hordes. I will not even inquire whether inter-racialism is not a truer definition of America than that provided by even the most cultivated New England provincialism, or whether the melting-pot metaphor is not itself traitorous to the American ideal. It is enough that there is a genuine intellectual and moral problem in connection with the heterogeneously diversified factors of our population.

But the problem is not to reduce them to an anonymous and drilled homogeneity, but to see to it that all get from one another the best that each strain has to offer from its own tradition and culture. If authentic America is not to be a cross-fertilization of our various strains, it had better be a juxtaposition of alien elements than an amalgam of the barracks, an amalgam whose uniformity would hardly go deeper than the uniforms of the soldiers. Admit everything which can be said in favor of the European system of military service, admit that we ought to turn from our previous wholesale condemnation to an equally wholesale glorification, and there is yet something childishly undisciplined in supposing that we could reduplicate its merits by establishing compulsory system on American soil. We forget how largely its efficacy there is due to the prior existence of just the uniformity of tradition and outlook whose absence is the reason urged in support of it here. We forget how real and how constant in the mind of every continental European is the sense of an enemy just over the border, and how largely the sense of cohesion is a common sense of enmity. Shall we deliberately proceed to cultivate a sense of the danger of aggres-

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sion, shall we conjure up enemies, in order to get this stimulus to unity among ourselves? The tendency of the upholders of the plan of enforced universal service to resort to this appeal, unconsciously gives away their case. To stir up fear and dislike of home countries as a means of securing love of an adopted country does not seem a promising procedure.

But it is not necessary to bring accusations against the policy of military service. The real point is that we find it so much easier to cry up this policy than to remedy those defects in our existing system which produce the evils in question. Any truly educative system must precede and prevent instead of following after and palliating and undoing. Until we have at least made a beginning in nationalizing our system of education, it is premature to appeal to the army, to marching and to sleeping in barrack cots as the best way to remedy the evils of a lack of national mindedness. When Mr. Lippmann suggested nationalizing our means of transportation and communication as a method of securing an integrated and coherent America, some of his critics intimated that his project was too materialistic. Well, the district schoolhouse of some portions of the United States—often those very portions which most deplore the foreign invasion—with its independent district control is a symptom of a spiritual localism which defies a unified America quite as much as does any racial area and dialect press. We might at least try the experiment of making our Federal Bureau of Education at Washington something more than a book-keeping and essay-writing department before we conclude that military service is the only way of effecting a common mind. When Mr. Roosevelt writes with as much vehemence about national aid to vocational education, national aid to wipe out illiteracy, and national aid for evening and continuation schools for our immigrants, as he now writes in behalf of military service, I for one shall take him more seriously as an authority on the educational advantages of setting-up exercises, firing guns and living in the camp.

I can see a vision of a national government which takes an interest at once paternal and scientific in our alien visitors, which has a definite policy about their reception, and about their distribution, which guards them even more jealously than its own sons against industrial exploitation, and which offers them at every turn educational facilities under its own charge. If every foreign illiterate had compulsory educational service to perform, if he had not only the opportunity but the obligation to learn the English language, if he found conditions of labor safeguarded in the interest of his health and his integrity as an economic agent, and if he learned to associate these things in whatever part of the country he found himself with the United States and not with the district, township or state, it would not be long before compulsory service, if it had to be discussed at all, would be discussed as a military proposition and not as an educational one. Until we have developed an independent and integral educational policy, the tendency to assume that military service will be an efficient tool of public education indicates a deplorable self-deception. I sometimes think the worst of the evils connected with militarism, in fact and in idea, is its power to create such illusions. Military service is the remedy of despair—despair of the power of intelligence.

JOHN DEWEY.

Acting as a Trade

NOT long ago the Actors' Equity Association held a meeting simultaneously in five cities, including New York, and voted to submit at a general meeting in May a proposition to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The eight hundred actors present at the New York meeting passed the resolution without a dissenting vote. An actors' labor union! It sounds strange—almost as strange as a union of poets or portrait painters. The mere idea of it has long kept the actors from organizing. Though they are working under modern industrial conditions they have stubbornly refused to admit that they were members of a trade. "Are artists to place themselves on a level with hod-carriers?" they asked. And while they hugged their romantic pride, the managers gave them the short end of every contract.

It is important that actors have finally overcome their fear of the "hod-carrier"; no profession stands more in need of standardization and group-action than theirs. The actor though nominally on a weekly wage has none of the security of the wage earner. He shares in every liability of the business he is engaged in. He rehearses without pay for four to six weeks usually, sometimes eight to ten weeks. He usually provides his own costumes. He suffers an automatic cut in salary during certain weeks in the year and is frequently obliged to accept a reduction whenever his play is "going slow." If his company ends its tour in San Francisco he pays his own fare back to New York. Whenever his play fails, his contract automatically becomes void. And even such contract as he has is a most unequal instrument. The manager holds the handle while he holds the blade. He must give two weeks' notice of his intention to leave, but he can be dismissed, if his employer chooses, on no notice at all. Even if he fulfills the conditions of his contract he can often be coerced to remain by means of an in-

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sidious blacklist in the hands of an unscrupulous manager. If he believes himself injured he has no practical recourse. As the system works out, his contract is binding on one party and not on the other. The business of theatrical production as practised is a risky speculation, and nearly every one of the risks is fastened to the actor's shoulders. Only one play out of seven produced in New York is a definite success, and two out of every three are definite failures. In other words: in two cases out of every three the actor works for eight to ten weeks in return for two or three weeks' salary, and then becomes a member of the unemployed begging for a job. As a result he has been obliged to inflate his salary two or three times over. If chance throws him into a successful play he may become moderately rich; but again he may work season after season in failures.

There is little artistic dignity in such a gamble. It is as if your dentist were to say to you, "If you win at poker to-night you pay me a hundred dollars. If you lose, you pay me nothing." Or as if the portrait painter were to say, " My price is ten per cent of the rise in your steel stocks between now and Tuesday." The effect of such an arrangement on the actor is hardly ennobling. He is always in the position of elbowing his competitor. He can rarely look a month ahead with any feeling of security. He is always broke or flush, borrowing or lending. He must play for success at all costs. This is certainly not the atmosphere that makes for artistic dignity.

No doubt the manager will retort that the actor is, perhaps through no fault of his own, in a speculative business, and he must distribute his risks as widely as possible. There are managers who have never done an actor out of a cent. Besides, actors are a vain and quarrelsome lot and are sufficiently difficult as it is, without trying any union bullying. These personal recriminations may be left to Broadway. The real trouble lies deeper. It is all very well for a speculative business to distribute its risks, but the actor is not engaged as a member of the firm. He is hired as a highly skilled workman. This fact he has hitherto refused to see, to his own sorrow. In æsthetics he is beyond question an " artist," but in economics he is an artisan, a wage earner, a member of a trade. His economic position cannot be secured until he realizes this fact and acts upon it. As an economic unit he is exactly in the position of the hod-carrier. He has at last recognized the fact as the hod-carrier recognized it some years ago. He is now acting on it as the hod-carrier acted on it before him.

The trouble has been that while the managers lived economically in the twentieth century, the actors were in the nineteenth. The customs and traditions of the actor's business are remnants of the conditions of thirty years ago. The free rehearsal clause, for instance, grew up in the days when it was understood that rehearsal carried with it a thirty weeks' engagement. With such traditions the actors to-day face a highly modern business organization. The industry of theatrical production has undergone all the familiar developments: over-production, high competition, gentlemen's agreements, and now almost complete combination. Nearly all the " first class " theaters in the country are controlled by two large firms. Though individual enterprise can spend its money freely, it cannot raise a curtain without the permission of one of these big organizations. And production itself is largely in the hands of a score of managers. These entrepreneurs are organized to meet the prevailing conditions. Two failures out of three productions do not disconcert them. They are capitalized to pool profits and losses, yet when they deal with their actors they take care to retain the old dogma—a left-over from the days when each play was a separate speculative venture. They operate from season to season. They hire their actors from week to week. There is no reason on earth why they could not engage their " artists " on yearly contracts, as they now engage a few stars. But they find it convenient to hire them by the job, thus making them in a large measure assume the risks of management.

These latter considerations, frankly, do not enter into the present movement toward unionization. The actors are concerned about " equitable " contracts. They want their fares from San Francisco. They want the heroine's costume paid for by the manager. They ask, though with a daredevil sense of boldness, for half pay at rehearsals. They are chiefly occupied with a hundred and one items of controversy which now go to the manager by default. Their Equity Association has had indifferent success. They now feel the need of a stronger club to wield.

We wish them all success, but we do not want to see them stop at railroad fares. The public has an interest in the success of the proposed actors' union. It is a commonplace of economics that when a business is out of joint the public suffers—that there is a " third party " to every labor dispute—namely, the consumer. And the consumer, the theatergoer, suffers heavily in the present case. He must stand the cost of the enormously expensive method that prevails in the hiring of actors. He must support the actor during his weeks of job-hunting. He must in effect pay the actor's salary during the time given the manager in rehearsals. Most actors in New York to-day would gladly accept half their present salary if they could have iron-clad con-

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tracts for thirty-five weeks. Moreover, if actors were so hired that the risk were shifted wholly to the entrepreneur, the effect would be to decrease the wasteful overproduction which is now a deliberate policy among managers. Finally, we can hardly compute the loss in the artistic product which we now suffer because actors are continually dancing on the edge of nothing.

But the conditions of the profession will make a strong union difficult. Where there are sensitive people constantly striving for individual distinction, there will be constant danger of rivalry and factional fights. The actors must not lose sight of the fact that they are a "trade." On the part of the Federation of Labor, too, there is a special responsibility. There can be no question here of collective bargaining in the ordinary sense. There can be no attempt to apply the specific principles of other trades. What must be insisted on is a thorough standardization of contracts and working conditions. If the type of contract be uniform, the actor may be left to drive his own bargain without fear of cutting his neighbor's throat. A "strike," though a fantastic possibility, is not a weapon of the moment. The Federation must take conditions as they are. What the union needs for the immediate future is simply sufficient strength and solidarity to insist on a contract which works both ways.

No one will be the loser if this comes to pass, not even the manager. An actors' union is the one present hope of steadying the theatrical business. Through it the manager will benefit by a considerable increment of business stability. The public will get better returns for its money. And the actor will gain in dignity when his work becomes a profession instead of a gamble.

HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL.

America at the Peace Conference?

THERE is widely prevalent among Americans of all degrees a distinct impression, almost a firm belief, that our country is destined to take an influential part in the termination and settlement of the war. This impression is partly due to the current over-estimate of the significance of President Roosevelt's share in bringing to a close the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05. But in addition to this inference by analogy, concrete basis for the general impression has been furnished by President Wilson's much discussed neutrality appeal of August 19th, 1914, wherein he spoke of the United States as "the one people holding itself ready to play a part of impartial mediation and speak the counsels of peace and accommodation." It is true that since then President Wilson has carefully qualified his statement, saying that he meant merely "spiritual mediation," not any action by the government, but this disclaimer has not served to check the widespread belief that the United States is ultimately not only to lead the combatants from the battlefield to the council-chamber, but is also to have an important, and possibly even a decisive, voice in settling the terms of peace.

The average man has, however, not tried to formulate explicitly the implications of these more or less broad assumptions; and, if one asks him whether his country is to assume any obligations in exercising these privileges, he instinctively recoils and seeks the seemingly safe refuge afforded by Washington's and Jefferson's "sacred" admonitions about avoiding foreign entanglements and responsibilities.

It is, however, perspicuous that, with our foreign policy as it still is, there is no basis for this widespread assumption. It is well-nigh inconceivable that the belligerents, who have sacrificed untold lives and uncountable treasure, will jeopard the outcome by permitting an outsider to influence the peace terms unless—and this is the crux—that neutral is willing to assume some clearly defined measure of responsibility for the maintenance of the conditions thus established. In other words, the United States will presumably not be represented at the peace congress, or if represented, it will be voiceless, unless it agrees in advance to become a party to the treaty and responsible in a measure for its future enforcement. Under our system of requiring the confirmation of treaties by the Senate, such a course would be possible only if popular opinion overwhelmingly demanded it. Hence the necessity of a general discussion of a question whose answer will have momentous consequences for ourselves and for all humanity.

It is being more and more recognized by thinking Americans that the traditional policy of self-centered isolation is obsolete and that further adherence to it will be disastrous not to us alone but also to the world as a whole. What is now being demanded is a constructive policy that will both safeguard our interests and also enable the United States to exert its potentially great influence in formulating and securing the public right of the world. But even if the United States were willing to take part in the peace congress with full responsibility for the terms adopted, it may be asked on what ground

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could admission be secured, since we are not one of the belligerents. If it is not clearly recognized that the world has become so closely united, both culturally and economically, that the United States is a vitally interested party in the far-reaching settlement that is to come, if a precedent must be found for the legalistic mind, the 1856 Conference at Paris that brought to a close the Crimean War can be cited. In addition to the belligerents, Austria took part in the Congress. In her case important interests were involved, as the future of the Danubian Principalities, the present Rumania, was to be determined. Prussia's direct interests were, however, only most remote. Yet in spite of this and of England's opposition, and incidentally also that of Queen Victoria personally, Prussia received a belated invitation and was one of the signatories of the treaty.

But what, it may be asked, is the value of such general treaties? Undoubtedly they have not been held sacrosanct. Thus Russia, largely at Bismarck's instigation, denounced during the Franco-Prussian War the clauses of the Treaty of Paris of 1856 neutralizing the Black Sea. Similarly, in 1908, Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Berlin of 1878. Despite such infractions, these general treaties constitute, as it were, the statute, as opposed to the customary, law of interstate relations. But they further partake of the nature of contracts binding upon all the signatories, and a violation of their terms is an offense against each of the parties to them. Their obligatory nature was clearly defined in 1871 by the Conference of London which enunciated as "an essential principle of the law of nations that no Power can repudiate treaty engagements or modify treaty provisions, except with the consent of the contracting parties by mutual agreement."

Although this principle has not infrequently in the past been violated and its binding nature requires more explicit definition, still the more signatories there are, the less likelihood is there of an infraction. If the United States were to become a party to the treaty settling the war, the stability of the settlement would inevitably be greatly increased, as any violation of its provisions would be an offense to this country and would make it a direct party to the issue. But why, it will unquestionably be urged, should the United States emerge from its self-regarding aloofness and assume such onerous obligations? In the first place, its interests in the long run demand, so far as is possible, the elimination of war as a determining factor in interstate relations and the substitution for the existing international anarchy of a system based upon reason and justice. To remain in isolation not only would in the end prove calamitous to ourselves, but would be to ignore an obligation that we owe to the world-community. Our attitude might be compared to that of the individual in comfortable circumstances who egotistically takes no interest in the problems of the social system and divorces himself from the community of which he forms an integral part.

Furthermore, there is being presented to the United States a great opportunity of which constructive statesmanship, impatient of popular shibboleths, could make much. It is in no sense an exaggeration to say that we have it within our power both to shorten the world-wide agony and to secure a settlement that will in a measure conform to the demands of justice and leave relatively little rancor behind.

It is plain that unless we take advantage of this opportunity the conditions of peace will be determined in the main by military and naval facts. Under existing conditions, the Allies are intent upon prosecuting the war to its bitter end and they will subordinate everything to their future security. Compensation in any way commensurate with their sacrifices is, of course, out of the question. But whatever they are able to effect toward lessening the German peril in the future, self-protection bids them do. The fate of the conquered German colonies, of Irâk and Mesopotamia, and of whatever else may be taken from the Central Empires and their Allies, must be determined primarily by the dire need of future security, and but slight attention will be paid to the susceptibilities or interests of the German people. In the eyes of the Allies, Germany as the author of this endless woe is beyond the pale and must be rendered as harmless as they can make her. Otherwise, the peace, as they view it, would be merely a truce—the interval during which Germany would prepare for a renewal of aggression under possibly more advantageous conditions.

At the present time the end of the war is not in sight and a peace without rancor is seemingly out of the question. The prospect would be far other were the United States to seize the opportunity presented and become one of the signatories of the treaty of peace with all that that implied. Whether the assumption of such extensive responsibilities be wise or not, it should be impressed upon Americans that the duration of the war and the determination of the terms of peace can be made to depend upon their decision. And it should further be made clear to Americans that they are not justified in criticizing the aims of the Allies so long as they remain in self-centered ease and refuse to assume international responsibilities.

In the total absence of all public discussion of this question, the course here outlined is possibly too radical for the vision of our people and its lead-

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ers. As matters look now, unless perchance we should be drawn into the war by circumstances over which we have no control, the United States will have no voice in determining the terms of peace. But, in addition, a further and only somewhat narrower opportunity will present itself to the United States for establishing international relations upon a sounder basis. After the conclusion of peace there will be an urgent necessity of a conference of the great Powers—preferably not of all independent states—to determine the regulations of international law whose inadequacy has become disastrously apparent during the past two years. There are two most serious defects in the Hague Conventions. First, they do not as a rule go into effect if one of the belligerents, no matter how minor a contestant he be, is not a party to the agreements. To reduce this to its inherent absurdity, the inclusion of Andorra, San Marino, or Liechtenstein among the belligerents would give a great Power the technical right to consider as inoperative rules carefully elaborated at The Hague. An even more important and fundamental defect is that a breach of these Hague Conventions is considered an offense merely against those states directly injured and one that does not concern the other signatories. This defect is vital, for unless a violation of international law is deemed an injury to the society of states, just as an infraction of municipal law is a crime against the community and not alone against the suffering individual, law can never prevail in international relations. This is the indispensable condition to the effective establishment of the public right of the world. The attainment of this goal depends primarily upon the United States. If we adhere to our traditional policy and again spread upon the minutes a reservation such as we recorded at the Hague Conferences, no such far-reaching step in advance can be made.

If we do not take the lead in this matter, the future is a dark one for the world and may become a disastrous one for us. Upon the United States has fallen a grave responsibility. It is no exaggeration to say that every scheme for bettering international relations hangs upon our decision. If we cling to our policy of isolation, the outlook is inauspicious. Inconceivably disastrous and exhausting as this war is, it is already being described merely as the initial one of a series. After the conclusion of the peace it is planned to carry on the war in the economic sphere. The old German plan of a central European customs union, exerting economic pressure on all its peripheries and excluding the manufactured products of its political rivals, is being resuscitated. The British free-trade system, embracing the Dependent Empire and the United Kingdom, which constituted the greatest force for peace during the last seventy years, will presumably have to be abandoned, at least in part, owing to fiscal exigencies if for naught else. But in addition the Allies are planning an economic war, not directly for economic purposes, but in order that Germany, so long as she remains unchastened, may not again be able to accumulate the economic resources upon which another attempt at world dominion may be hazarded. The prospect is disheartening. We seem, temporarily at least, to be reverting to a Europe of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with their never-ending wars. Then each nation tried to make itself a self-contained economic unit with its colonies and dependencies as exclusively national preserves, while now groups of closely allied states are preparing to establish the same system on a different scale. Presumably this would be but a temporary regression, but it would be a discouraging one, and it might even prove disastrous to western civilization.

Upon the people of the United States depends a momentous decision. For literally in their hands is the key to a better future. They alone can dispel the doubts, misgivings and fears that make these times a nightmare to all thinking men. And, even if in ignorance or in weakness, they throw away the opportunity and adhere to their cherished isolation, they will not be able to escape the suction of the maelstrom. Not duty alone, but safety as well, demand a resolute casting off of obsolete traditions and a fearless assumption of those obligations that every state owes to the world-community.

GEORGE LOUIS BEER.

The Heroin Habit

IN the old days, before the police shattered the opium joints, those who had become friendly with opium from social custom carried out their ceremonial by "laying in" for smoking the pipe. But with the disappearance of these resorts, old smokers and recruits also were obliged to turn to other forms of opium-taking, and about five years ago they deserted for the most part all other habit-forming drugs for a new derivative of opium. This new drug, which was heroin, won an immediate and widespread popularity. It had advantages over all rivals since the days of the pipe. It was cheap, it demanded neither layout nor hypodermic syringe, and could be taken for a long time without disturbing the health. It stopped the craving without diminishing working capacity to a degree which would prevent the earning of money to buy the drug, and last, but not least, as it is sniffed through the nose on a "quill," the addict could take it without much fear of being interfered with. A guess

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may be hazarded that three-fourths of all the drug-takers in New York, of whom there are many thousands, place their chief reliance to-day on heroin.

As a result there has developed a distinct class of heroin addicts, with a certain amount of free-masonry and coöperation among themselves. These latter are necessary to make it easy for users to procure heroin and to safeguard one another in the indulgence of a practise strictly forbidden by law. As a result, heroin addicts exist in large groups, the individuals of which know and help each other; in this way the habit is not only maintained but spreads rapidly. The majority of the present takers are boys and young men whose easy sociability has been developed in the gangs who later flock together in leisure hours at the dance halls, the movies and at that form of entertainment which they all seem to like best, vaudeville. For a long time the boys remain for the most part in good health and all along they possess a fair degree of intelligence. Some examined by the Binet-Simon test show mental defects, but the majority are not materially defective in intellectual qualities. Like most adolescents with social tendencies, they lack individual initiative, are imitative and easily led; they fall into the habit easily and—this is the tragic part of it—ignorantly and innocently. Once the habit is established, they lose their interest in work, become late and irregular, throw up their jobs easily. Many are good workmen but will only work for the purpose of getting money with which to buy heroin.

The individual habit is formed through the force of imitation and suggestion, and is rarely the result of continuing a drug which was taken in the first instance to allay pain. Cholera cures, soothing syrups, cough medicines and other remedies which contain habit-forming drugs have little to do with the formation of the modern heroin habit. Neither can it often be laid at the doors of physicians. Responsible as they may be for many cases of drug habituation, more in the past than to-day, thanks to recent laws and a wider dissemination of the knowledge of the dangers, the present heroin habitué rarely accuses a physician of being the one who introduced him to his cruel master. The first dose of heroin is neither pill nor hypodermic injection taken to alleviate some physical distress, but is a minute quantity of a fine powder "blown" up the nose at the suggestion of an agreeable companion who has tried it and found it "fine."

Oftentimes one old addict will corrupt at one sitting ten or twenty boys. A common story is of a group of boys being together at a dance, or a show, at some outdoor gathering in the summer. One of the number produces a "deck" or "package" of heroin and tells the others that the taking of it is wonderfully enjoyable; "try that and you won't have no trouble," he says; he sniffs it up his nose and has enough of it on hand or within reach to supply all the others who wish to try it. They, of course, all wish to follow exactly as the majority in any group of small boys will wish to imitate someone whom they see smoking tobacco. The first taking is generally not agreeable, but they try it again, and about twenty-five per cent become victims of the habit within a few months.

Heroin takers have a more definite conception of what a habit is than many physicians. A habit has been acquired, according to them, when an individual can no longer work unless he has his "dope," or else falls ill unless he has it. They maintain that many heroin takers never really become dependent on it, although it seems highly improbable that a constant taking of heroin will not sooner or later establish the habit. Once the habit is acquired, the addict will not try to work without "dope." He will, as he expresses it, "do almost anything to get the 'dust.'" It is at this point particularly that heroin habituation becomes an important incentive to crime. Among the frequent misdemeanors charged against the heroin boys besides those directly concerned with the use or possession of the drug, are stealing and destruction of property. The customs entailed by the habit and the effects on character of the drug itself are doubtless potent factors in forming and holding together that criminal class which certain idealists do not seem to believe exists. Certain it is that large numbers of those sent to penitentiaries and state prisons are drug users.

The passage of the Harrison law, which put habit-forming drugs under federal control, spread dismay among the heroin takers. They saw in advance the increased difficulty and expense of obtaining heroin as a result of this law; then the drug stores shut down, and the purveyors who sell heroin on street corners and in doorways became terrified, and for a time illicit traffic in the drug almost ceased. This was particularly acute just before the law went into effect on March 1, 1915, a period which is referred to by the "cokies" as "the panic." Once the law was established the traffic was resumed, but under very different circumstances. The price of heroin soared. From costing before this eighty-five cents a drachm, its retail illicit price has been raised to seven dollars and fifty cents a drachm—and it is adulterated at that. This put it beyond easy reach of the majority of its adherents, most of whom do not earn more than twelve or fourteen dollars a week. Being no longer able to procure it with any money that they could lay their hands on honestly, many were forced to apply for treatment for illness brought about by

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"withdrawal," while others were committed as a result of arrest for violation of the law.

The treatment of the heroin habit as now being carried on in city and state institutions among the boys and young men just referred to, few of whom have taken it over three or four years, is painful but is neither hazardous nor protracted. Three days is usually the limit of the worst suffering, and a fatal outcome is rare. One hundred and thirty-nine cases were successfully treated in the King's County Hospital without one death (report by Dr. S. R. Leahy). Generally the patients are permitted some heroin at the beginning of the cure, but this is rapidly withdrawn. Many refuse any remedy or "cure," preferring, they say "to suffer it out," i.e. to take no medicine at all. It is rather a commentary on the efficacy of the many advertised withdrawal cures to observe that those who "suffer it out" seem to get along almost as well as those who take the cure.

It is often represented that all drug habitués are seriously desirous to be freed from the habit. As far as the heroin addict is concerned, this representation is open to great question. At times, the victim of any habit bewails its domination over him, but this does not necessarily mean that he really wishes to be free, any more than that every man who complains of his wife wishes to leave her. If heroin addicts really desired to shake off their bondage, it would be natural to suppose that they would appeal voluntarily in large numbers to dispensaries and to hospitals. Yet it is the experience of dispensary and hospital physicians that heroin addicts hardly ever apply for treatment, except under pressure. This pressure is supplied by parents and by the laws which have put up the price of the drug or made the getting of it hazardous or impossible. Unless under some such duress, the young heroin addict drifts along, for several years at least, not only not applying for medical relief, but maintaining for the most part that the drug, as long as he can get it, does not injure him.

The heroin habit is essentially a matter of city life, as in rural communities it does not exist as it does in New York. For example, the records of the State Hospital at Trenton, New Jersey, which recruits from a rural community, show that of the drug addicts who have gone there for treatment since the passage of the Harrison law, not one has been a taker of heroin and not one has acquired the habit through social usage.

From all these considerations, which are drawn from the class of boys who have gone to the public schools, it would seem that heroin taking is closely allied with the factors which make inebriety in some form inevitable in the poorer classes in large cities. Boys and young men seem to want something that promises to make life gayer and more enjoyable, and the particular "fillip" they hit upon depends on their personal temperament and their surroundings. Often one choice excludes others. The heroin addicts are rarely given to drink, and under the use of the drug, their sexual appetites dwindle rapidly so they are not often offenders in sexual matters. It would almost seem that their desire for something to brighten life up is at the bottom of their trouble and that heroin is but a means; and that if this means failed them, they would turn to something else which might be worse.

This is said not in a spirit of pessimism, but in the conviction that the treatment of the heroin habit, or of any other destroying habit of social origin, should be begun before that habit or some other is formed. Tendency precedes habit formation, and it seems that the special weakness of those now doomed to fall might be recognized before they left school. The heroin habit offers a particularly good opportunity for work on these lines. The victims are young, some having begun the habit while still in school. Those who have taken treatment average about twenty. Few are married. They are generally healthy and able to work, and are fairly intelligent. Many are of engaging personality but, as often happens with personalities who are engaging, they are all unstable, suggestible and easily led. It seems possible, or even probable, that if they could be kept, or if their parents could be induced to have them kept, under some form of industrial or educational control until they were eighteen or twenty years of age, their characters might stratify to such a degree that they might be headed off from a course of self-destruction and that, instead of menacing society as they do now, they would benefit it. Boys of this class could also be expected to do well in rural communities, although it would be hard to get them to go there. It would be a happy philanthropy which would make farming attractive to this class.

There is, of course, much more promise of gratifying results at this early period than with those who have been taking heroin two or three years. After that, a cure is hardly to be hoped for, unless steps are taken to keep the addict away from the environment that enslaved him in the first place. He often realizes this himself toward the end of his "cure." There is reason to doubt that many heroin takers wish to be cured as long as they can get heroin easily. But under arrest and confinement, some seem to acquire a clearer conception of reality and sincerely wish to avoid in future what tripped them up in the past. But now they are practically forced back where they came from; as a result the number of "recidevists" is very large.

PEARCE BAILEY.

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VERSE

Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford

You are a friend then, as I make it out,
Of our man Shakespeare, who alone of us
Will put an ass's head in Fairyland
As he would add a shilling to more shillings,
All most harmonious,—and out of his
Miraculous inviolable increase
Fills Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
Of olden time with timeless Englishmen;
And I must wonder what you think of him—
All you down there where your small Avon flows
By Stratford, and where you're an Alderman.
Some, for a guess, would have him riding back
To be a farrier there, or say a dyer;
Or maybe one of your adept surveyors;
Or like enough the wizard of all tanners.
Not you—no fear of that; for I discern
In you a kindling of the flame that saves—
The nimble element, the true phlogiston;
I see it, and was told of it, moreover,
By our discriminate friend himself, no other.
Had you been one of the sad average,
As he would have it,—meaning, as I take it,
The sinew and the solvent of our Island,
You'd not be buying beer for this Terpander's
Approved and estimated friend Ben Jonson;
He'd never foist it as a part of his
Contingent entertainment of a townsman
While he goes off rehearsing, as he must,
If he shall ever be the Duke of Stratford.
And my words are no shadow on your town—
Far from it; for one town's as like another
As all are unlike London. Oh, he knows it,—
And there's the Stratford in him; he denies it,
And there's the Shakespeare in him. So, God help him!
I tell him he needs Greek; but neither God
Nor Greek will help him. Nothing will help that man.
You see the fates have given him so much,
He must have all or perish,—or look out
Of London, where he sees too many lords;
They're part of half what ails him: I suppose
There's nothing fouler down among the demons
Than what it is he feels when he remembers
The dust and sweat and ointment of his calling
With his lords looking on and laughing at him.
King as he is, he can't be king *de facto,*
And that's as well, because he wouldn't like it;
He'd frame a lower rating of men then
Than he has now; and after that would come
An abdication or an apoplexy.
He can't be king, not even king of Stratford,—
Though half the world, if not the whole of it,
May crown him with a crown that fits no king
Save Lord Apollo's homesick emissary:
Not there on Avon, or on any stream
Where Naiads and their white arms are no more,
Shall he find home again. It's all too bad.
But there's a comfort, for he'll have that House—
The best you ever saw; and he'll be there
Anon, as you're an Alderman. Good God!
He makes me lie awake o'nights and laugh. . . .

Yes, he'll go back to Stratford. And we'll miss him?
Dear sir, there'll be no London here without him.
We'll all be riding, one of these fine days,
Down there to see him—and his wife won't like us;
And then we'll think of what he never said
Of women—which, if taken all in all
With what he did say, would buy many horses.
Though nowadays he's not so much for women:
"So few of them," he says, "are worth the guessing."
But there's a worm at work when he says that,
And while he says it one feels in the air
A deal of circumambient hocus-pocus.
They've had him dancing till his toes were tender,
And he can feel 'em now, come chilly rains.
There's no long cry for going into it,
However, and we don't know much about it.
The Fitton thing was worst of all, I fancy;
And you in Stratford, like most here in London,
Have more now in the *Sonnets* than you paid for;
He's put her there with all her poison on,
To make a singing fiction of a shadow
That's in his life a fact, and always will be.
But she's no care of ours, though Time, I fear,
Will have a more reverberant ado
About her than about another one
Who seems to have decoyed him, married him,
And sent him scuttling on his way to London,—
With much already learned, and more to learn,
And more to follow. . . .

I gather something happening in his boyhood
Fulfilled him with a boy's determination
To make all Stratford 'ware of him. Well, well,
I hope at last he'll have his joy of it,
And all his pigs and sheep and bellowing beeves,
And frogs and owls and unicorns, moreover,
Be less than hell to his attendant ears.
Oh, past a doubt we'll all go down to see him.

He may be wise. With London two days off,
Down there some wind of heaven may yet revive him;
But there's no quickening breath from anywhere
Shall make of him again the poised young faun
From Warwickshire, who'd made, it seems, already
A legend of himself before I came
To blink before the last of his first lightning.
Whatever there be, they'll be no more of that;
The coming on of his old monster Time
Has made him a still man; and he has dreams
Were fair to think on once, and all found hollow.
He knows how much of what men paint themselves
Would blister in the light of what they are;
He sees how much of what was great now shares
An eminence transformed and ordinary;
He knows too much of what the world has hushed
In others, to be loud now for himself;
He knows now at what height low enemies
May reach his heart, and high friends let him fall;
But what not even such as he may know
Bedevils him the worst; his lark may sing

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At heaven's gate how he will, and for as long
As joy may listen; but *he* sees no gate,
Save one whereat the spent clay waits a little
Before the churchyard has it, and the worm.
Not long ago, late in an afternoon,
I came on him unseen down Lambeth way,
And on my life I was afear'd of him:
He gloomed and mumbled like a soul from Tophet,
His hands behind him and his head bent solemn.
"What is it now," said I,—"another woman?"
That made him sorry for me, and he smiled.
"No, Ben," he mused; "it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.
We come, we go; and when we're done, we're done;
Spiders and flies—we're mostly one or t'other—
We come, we go; and when we're done, we're done."
"By God, you sing that song as if you knew it!"
Said I, by way of cheering him; "what ails ye?"
"I think I must have come down here to think,"
Says he to that, and pulls his little beard;
"Your fly will serve as well as anybody,
And what's his hour? He flies, and flies, and flies,
And in his fly's mind has a brave appearance;
And then your spider gets him in her net,
And eats him out, and hangs him up to dry.
That's Nature, the kind mother of us all.
And then your slattern housemaid swings her broom,
And where's your spider? And that's Nature, also.
It's Nature and it's Nothing. It's all Nothing.
It's all a world where bugs and emperors
Go singularly back to the same dust,
Each in his time; and the old, ordered stars
That sang together, Ben, will sing the same
Old stave to-morrow."

When he talks like that,
There's nothing for a human man to do
But lead him to some grateful nook like this
Where we be now, and there to make him drink.
He'll drink, for love of me, and then be sick;
A sad sign always in a man of parts,
And always very ominous. The great
Should be as large in liquor as in love,—
And our great friend is not so large in either:
One disaffects him, and the other fails him;
Whatso he drinks that has an antic in it,
He's wondering what's to pay in his insides;
And while his eyes are on the Cyprian
He's fribbling all the time with that damned House.
We laugh here at his thrift, but after all
It may be thrift that saves him from the devil;
God gave it, anyhow,—and we'll suppose
He knew the compound of his handiwork.
To-day the clouds are with him, but anon
He'll out of 'em enough to shake the tree
Of life itself and bring down fruit unheard-of,—
And, throwing in the bruised and whole together,
Prepare a wine to make us drunk with wonder;
And if he live, there'll be a sunset spell
Thrown over him as over a glassed lake
That yesterday was all a black wild water.

God send he live to give us, if no more,
What now's a-rampage in him, and exhibit,
With a decent half-allegiance to the ages
An earnest of at least a casual eye
Turned once on what he owes to Gutenberg,
And to the fealty of more centuries
Than are as yet a picture in our vision.

"There's time enough,—I'll do it when I'm old,
And we're immortal men," he says to that;
And then he says to me, "Ben, what's 'immortal'?
Think you by any force of ordination
It may be nothing of a sort more noisy
Than a small oblivion of component ashes
That of a dream-addicted world was once
A moving atomy much like your friend here?"
Nothing will help that man. To make him laugh,
I said then he was a mad mountebank,—
And by the Lord I nearer made him cry.
I could have eat an eft then, on my knees,
Tail, claws, and all of him; for I had stung
The king of men, who had no sting for me,
And I had hurt him in his memories;
And I say now, as I shall say again,
I love the man this side idolatry.

He'll do it when he's old he says. I wonder.
He may not be so ancient as all that.
For such as he, the thing that is to do
Will do itself,—but there's a reckoning;
The sessions that are now too much his own,
The roiling inward of a stilled outside,
The churning out of all those blood-fed lines,
The nights of many schemes and little sleep,
The full brain hammered hot with too much thinking,
The vexed heart over-worn with too much aching,—
This weary jangling of conjoined affairs
Made out of elements that have no end,
And all confused at once, I understand,
Is not what makes a man to live forever.
O no, not now! He'll not be going now:
There'll be time yet for God knows what explosions
Before he goes. He'll stay awhile. Just wait:
Just wait a year or two for Cleopatra,
For she's to be a balsam and a comfort;
And that's not all a jape of mine now, either.
For granted once the old way of Apollo
Sings in a man, he may then, if he's able,
Strike unafraid whatever strings he will
Upon the last and wildest of new lyres;
Nor out of his new magic, though it hymn
The shrieks of dungeoned hell, shall he create
A madness or a gloom to shut quite out
A cleaving daylight, and a last great calm
Triumphant over shipwreck and all storms.
He might have given Aristotle creeps,
But surely would have given him his *katharsis*.

He'll not be going yet. There's too much yet
Unsung within the man. But when he goes,
I'd stake ye coin o' the realm his only care
For a phantom world he sounded and found wanting
Will be a portion here, a portion there,
Of this or that thing or some other thing
That has a patent and intrinsical
Equivalence in those egregious shillings.
And yet he knows, God help him! Tell me, now,
If ever there was anything let loose
On earth by gods or devils heretofore
Like this mad, careful, proud, indifferent Shakespeare!
Where was it, if it ever was? By heaven,
'Twas never yet in Rhodes or Pergamon—
In Thebes or Nineveh, a thing like this!
No thing like this was ever out of England;
And that he knows. I wonder if he cares.
Perhaps he does. . . . O Lord, that House in Stratford!

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Rejoinder from Mr. Perry

SIR: The reading of Mr. Norman Angell's communication apropos of "The Free Man and the Soldier" leaves me in doubt whether I ought to defy him as a critic or thank him for his support. He evidently objects, as I do, to a centralized control of opinion such as appears to have been achieved in Germany. But he does not show that this tyranny is a necessary concomitant of universal military training and service. To be sure, he says that "conscription, to be effective, must be a conscription of minds as well as bodies." This, however, he doesn't quite mean, for he afterwards qualifies it by saying that one cannot get "the German degree of efficiency" without employing German methods. Very good; then one must be content with something less than the German degree of efficiency. There remains the possibility, for which I have contended, of combining national service with greater liberty of thought than is permitted under the German system, and so achieving a military effectiveness that is at least vastly greater than that achieved under the late English system of first teaching men that they have no military obligations, and then bullying them into assuming them.

Mr. Angell evidently agrees with me that France has preserved her liberties despite her crushing military burdens. He shows that despite the tendency of the military machine to suppress opinion, freedom has been saved in France by "the energies which the heirs of the liberal tradition could summon to the task." And I should suppose that he would be compelled to grant that the superb morale and organization of the French army was sane indication of what a free country can do when every man has been taught to believe that war is an act of the entire nation in which every man has his part. Of course, universal service has its dangers. So does every institution or policy that the mind of man has ever contrived. The important thing, then, is to see that these dangers are avoidable, and to adopt whatever safeguards or correctives are necessary.

I cannot but say that a portion of Mr. Angell's argument strikes me as a little absurd. To show that conscription is unfavorable to "freedom of conscience and discussion" he solemnly informs us that the conscript who climbed out of the trenches in the face of the enemy, and declined to fight because he saw some merit in the enemy's point of view, would be summarily shot! Now Mr. Angell cannot mean that if the man were a volunteer, and not a conscript, his magnanimity would be applauded. Mr. Angell knows, everybody knows, that treason and breach of discipline mean precisely the same things under all military systems. It is absolutely necessary, once battle is joined, that men should suppress their private differences and act loyally in the common service. The suppression of individuality involved in war itself, or in any sort of concerted action, has nothing whatsoever to do with the question of universal service, and it only confuses the issue to allude to it. The issue is this: Granting war to be a fact and a menace, how shall it be met? By unreadiness and irresponsibility, ennobled by the gratuitous devotion of those who first come forward, but discredited by initial failure, and eventually disgraced by the scandal of disloyalty and coercion? Or shall it be met by a general habit of service, supported by the belief that since the threat of war is a common danger, preparation and resistance are common duties?

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

On the Celebration of Peace Day

TO the Teachers of the United States:

For a dozen years past the schools of this country and of other countries have set aside May 18th for the purpose of concentrating attention on the significance of the work of the Hague Peace Conferences. But with the threatened breakdown of civilization in Europe to-day, the manhood of the nations shattered, homes ruined, productive energy diverted to the one task of killing, may it not appear that the Peace Conference is out of joint with the times? Under the circumstances, would it not be well to suspend the customary reference to this event this year?

Quite the contrary; the system of law which the Hague Conference stands for offers the only hope to war-stricken Europe. This common tribunal is the only light upon the horizon, and it is the duty of us all to keep this light burning. The opening of the First Hague Peace Conference, on May 18th, 1899, is, without doubt, the starting point and the center of international progress. This conference is described by international jurists and statesmen as the beginning of a new epoch for international law and international relations. This and the Second Hague Conference, which met on June 15th, 1907, have forced the recognition of the principle that the establishment of equitable law is an essential to the realization of peace. Moreover, the achievements of these conferences have impressed the world with the possibility and the desirability of "making the practice of civilized nations conform to their peaceful professions." The hope of civilization lies in the progressive effort which has given to the family of nations the germ of an international law-making body. Law is the only substitute for war.

The celebration of Peace Day this year should clothe with new significance the meaning of arbitration, mediation, investigation and conciliation for preventing destructive warfare. It should emphasize anew the functions of the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, and should point out its effectiveness in settling the fifteen important cases which have been taken before it since 1902. The formation of a real world court, so nearly accomplished at the Second Hague Conference, should be emphasized as an ideal for which the world has hoped and waited. A Peace Day exercise in the schools this year offers a unique opportunity to take note of these solid foundations of law and order, and, above all, to point to the underlying spirit of coöperation and good-will which has brought the world to the present stage of unification. In so far as this spirit persists will civilization achieve its ideals.

Of all the institutions working for the unification of mankind, the school stands first. On those, therefore, who administer education rests the responsibility of preserving and advancing those ideals for which nations should strive.

FANNIE FERN ANDREWS,
Secretary American School Peace League.

Boston, Massachusetts.

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After the Play

AMERICAN drama faces several alternatives. It may continue to go along much as it is, here and there picking up a few hints from that enterprising industry, the moving picture business. It may, like a defeated prize-fighter, seek to recoup itself with a visionary punch which only puts it out of breath. American drama may become utterly trivial and know it and yet not care. But the worst alternative has never been considered. Our drama may become utterly trivial and not know it and imagine that it is great. In the complete absence of any contemporary standard it may fall into that great confusion.

Already we go to the theater in a state of mind where anything like a great play comes upon us like an intrusion. When sometimes we go down to some of our foreign quarters to see another people's drama we have to make a quick mental readjustment. We are really at a loss to judge when the suspension of the critical faculty has so long been our only way of gleaning the pleasure of a little stunted sensuousness from our own theaters. Sometimes it has even turned out that our going down proved fatal to the drama and the theatric tradition we went to look up to. The barbaric art of Orlenev and Nazimova and the plays they could best give were too much for our complacency. We took Nazimova up to Broadway and made her art trivial and put her into trivial plays. Orlenev escaped us.

Down at the Irving Place Theater the indefatigable German stock company has recently presented a play which strains our stunted receptivity to the breaking point. Wedekind's "Erdgeist," better known as "Lulu," was not written for any existing Anglo-American stage. If we should seek to put our finger on the difference, to point out the gap that separates it from the plays we know, we must put ourselves in the author's place. "Erdgeist" is a play that was conceived altogether internally, by a dramatist constitutionally defiant of his audiences. What will they think of it? has not hampered his execution or enfeebled his vision. I do not mean that his play is fantastically impractical or that it has not been written with a terrible concreteness. But it does not put our approval in the forefront of its consideration.

It puts us a little more where we belong. Our dramatists are trained to deliver on demand. That is why they never make any contribution to our literature. It is good that a dramatist should sometimes protest that his audience must not seek to run him. An artist at the starvation level has no choice except to please us. But beyond that he may sometimes treat our disapproval as an ineptitude and proceed according to his lights. He must be ready to stand his losses.

"Erdgeist" ignores all our prejudices. It is defiant of all our conceptions of woman. It is utterly disregardful of our judgment of what a woman ought to be. We are invited to contemplate the author's conception of woman. As an artist he has the privilege of claiming that he has seen woman as we have not seen her. That is the justification of his play. His Lulu contains no easy resemblance to the women we know; she is not like any of our aunts or even like the terrible Mrs. So-and-So. If we are to understand her at all we must readjust ourselves to what the dramatist has created for us.

Working thus freely Wedekind proceeds with the artist's true improvidence. Lulu is a woman lavishly portrayed. She has nothing of that thin and fleshless quality which makes the women of our stage such mere silhouettes. What does one remember about the heroine of "The Easiest Way"? Eugene Walter spent four acts in ringing changes on the statement that she told falsehoods. As if that were not the most obvious thing in the psychology of the prostitute! Lulu does her share of lying too, but there is no pretense that this trait is a key to unlock her character. Wedekind does not waste time in telling us whether she is good or bad. He does say, "Yes, this is a very wicked woman, I hope you abhor her as much as I do." When the son of the man whom Lulu has ruined implores her to complete his own ruin she says, "I poisoned your mother." That is terrible. It is so terrible that Jenny Vallière, the actress who plays the rôle with so much artistry and resource, did not seem able to say it.

"Erdgeist" belongs to the literature of which Prevost's "Manon Lescaut" and Turgenief's "Torrents of Spring" are types. It is an attempt to dramatize man's impulse towards woman. Lulu is sex attraction personified. Everybody falls in love with her, everybody at some time or other has wanted to marry her. Wedekind treats her as a purely destructive force. She is destructive because she always finds out the inner instability of men towards the sex impulse. Ultimately the play is a dramatization of something in man for which woman is only the external embodiment. This comes out most clearly in the relations of Dr. Schoen to Lulu. She has been able to destroy Dr. Goll because he employs mechanical means to exact an absolute faithfulness. She drives the artist Schwarz to suicide because his life depends upon the necessary illusion of woman's absolute innocence. But she cannot ruin Dr. Schoen until she is able to prove to him that there is something in him which cannot do without her. He loses control of himself through having cherished the illusion of being able to control her and yet be free of her.

All this sounds as if the dramatist had drawn an unindividualized type. But we are not dealing here with a shallow vampire conception. In the first act we find Lulu safely married to Dr. Goll, who spends the dotage of his dissipation in making her dance obscene dances for him while he accompanies with the violin. Lulu, fresh, young, and eager, is tugging at the unnatural leash like any spirited woman who finds herself mismated. Very skilfully the dramatist detaches her from these concrete associations. She has an infinity of names, Eva, Mignon, Nellie. Nobody knows how old she is or from where she came. She never knew her mother and her reputed father is only one of her lovers. This gradual information is not thrown at us to create mystery. It is used with relentless skill to turn the confusion of the guileless artist into insanity. Lulu is all things to all men, but she is also something very definite to every man she meets. With an easy mobility she slips back and forth between type and character. Infinitely perverse and corrupt, she is also childishly innocent. At the very moment when she murders the man who has just cursed her an infatuated schoolboy proclaims her innocence. Here, in the fear of death, she seems for a moment to go back upon herself. She swears eternal fidelity to the man who will save her. But now we know she is lying: like life she is perfectly unscrupulous about her own survival.

It is almost impossible to think of a dramatist like Wedekind in terms of Broadway. A Forty-second Street audience would certainly extinguish "Erdgeist" in a night. And yet we ought to have a theater where such a play could be shown. Perhaps some day the Bandbox will tire of prettiness and approbation and give us courageous experiment.

A. B. K.

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Books and Things

ONCE in a while I have heard elderly persons regret that Theodore Watts-Dunton did not keep a diary. Who else, they would ask, knew so well so many of the greater men of his letters in his time? For thirty years he lived in the same house with Swinburne. He was an intimate friend of Rossetti, William Morris, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold. Only a few men knew George Borrow as intimately. He could see the contemporary poets who were his friends against a background of great poetry, for he was a lover of Greek poetry and of English, of Dante and Virgil and Goethe. He had read the greatest French and Spanish and Portuguese poets. It would be hard to say whether his interest in imaginative literature was a little more or a little less intense than his interest in gypsy life. A biography of him in the Britannica says he was "originally educated as a naturalist," and in his writing about English poets the nature-lover is revealed. For several years of his early life he was a London solicitor. Few men so thoroughly soaked in poetry have had so many other interests.

Since reading "Aylwin" I have had small share in this wish that Watts-Dunton had kept a record of his friend's doings and sayings. One of the characters in "Aylwin" was suggested by Rossetti, by all accounts a very colored talker. In the book this character's talk is praised, and specimens of it are given which make one marvel at the praise. Watts-Dunton, judged by "Aylwin," was not a competent reporter of brilliant talk. When I took up "Old Familiar Faces" (New York, E. P. Dutton & Company, $1.75) and read the names of the persons Watts-Dunton had written about, Rossetti, Miss Rossetti, Tennyson, William Morris, Borrow, Gordon Hake, Lord de Tabley and F. H. Groome, I therefore did not look for talk set down by a portraitist's hand.

No one will find this in "Old Familiar Faces," or any of the other gifts by which men and women we have not seen are made to live for us. Watts-Dunton was not a character-drawer. In this book, though, he has drawn that part of his own character which explains why he had so many good friends. Evidently his interest in other men's work and plans and sorrows and joys was keen and persistent and unobtrusive. When this interest is only a little less keen than a man's interest in his own affairs he has a capacity for friendship, and when he can unconsciously represent his own concerns as a little less interesting to him than other people's he has mastered the art of making and keeping friends. Watts-Dunton never felt like treating other people as means to an end of his own. He would have thought such conduct hateful.

"Old Familiar Faces" does not, however, explain the real Watts-Dunton mystery. It does not explain why his friends, many of them the best judges in England, thought so highly of his taste. Rossetti, I have read somewhere, did not believe that "on a question of this kind"—the comparative merit, I believe, of two versions of a poem—"Watts could be wrong." The more one reads in Watts-Dunton the more mysterious this mystery becomes. He calls "Sister Helen" "that poem which is, on the whole, Rossetti's masterpiece." Of Tennyson he says: "As a metaphysician none comes so near Shakespeare as he who wrote these lines:

> And more, my son! for more than once when I
> Sat all alone, revolving in myself
> The world that is the symbol of myself,
> The mortal limit of the Self was loosed
> And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
> Melts with Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
> The gain of such large life as matched with ours
> Were Sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

And Watts-Dunton comments on this passage: "We admirers of Tennyson must content ourselves with this thought, that, wonderful as it is for Shakespeare to have combined great metaphysical power with supreme power as a dramatist, it is scarcely less wonderful for Tennyson to have combined great metaphysical power with the power of a supreme lyrist."

Watts-Dunton was familiar with a very large body of the best poetry in seven or eight languagees, to read poetry was to him a joy, he had a nice ear for verse, he liked to think and write and talk about poetics. That was his equipment as a critic. Some of his generalizations shed light. "Indeed," he writes in the Britannica article on Matthew Arnold, "the difference between those who have and those who have not the true rhythmic instinct is that, while the former have the innate faculty of making the emphasis of sound and the emphasis of sense meet and strengthen each other, the latter are without that faculty." In the Britannica article on "Poetry" he says: "This literary life, while it is only bipartite in prose, seems to be tripartite in poetry; that is to say, while prose requires intellectual and emotional life, poetry seems to require not only intellectual life and emotional life but rhythmic life." . . . And again: "While, however, the great goal before the poet is to compel the listener to expect his caesuric effects, the great goal before the writer of poetic prose is in the very opposite direction; it is to make use of the concrete figures and impassioned diction of the poet, but at the same time to avoid the recognized and expected metrical bars upon which the poet depends. The moment the prose poet passes from the rhythm of prose to the rhythm of metre the apparent sincerity of his writing is destroyed." As a theorist he made a few hits and many misses.

A very comfortable moral may be drawn from Watts-Dunton's life, namely this, that with friendliness and industry a man may in his day gain a notable position as a critic without having a first-rate critical nose, that a man may live a full and blameless and respected life without having a first-rate head. By keeping at the thing one cares most about one may end by compelling people who ought to know better to mistake one for an authority in one's subject. One *may* end by this achievement, please observe. I do not say that one must. More often the achievement and its reward will not be quite like Watts-Dunton's. Innocent of intent to deceive anybody, he succeeded in deceiving those who were least easily deceived. Such a performance will probably always be rare. What we may all hope for, without undue conceit, is that if we devote our lives to reading books and writing about them, and if we let people know that this is our chosen life-work, we may some day persuade those who are easily persuaded that we are good at our own game.

P. L.

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Fallacies and Follies

Feminism, Its Fallacies and Follies, by Mr. and Mrs. John Martin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

ABOUT twenty years ago one master of English comedy took another master of English comedy to task. Sitting off by himself in Hampshire in the year 1877, George Meredith had generalized about the public. "The English public," he meditated, "have the basis of the comic in them: an esteem for common sense." "I take leave," retorted Bernard Shaw, "to say that Mr. Meredith knows more about plays than playgoers. . . . If it were to be my last word on earth, I must tell Mr. Meredith to his face that whether you take them generally or particularly—whether in the lump, or sectionally as playgoers, churchgoers, voters, and what not—they are everywhere united and made strong by the bond of their common nonsense, their invincible determination to tell and be told lies about everything, and their power of dealing acquisitively and successfully with facts whilst keeping them, like disaffected slaves, rigidly in their proper place: that is, outside the moral consciousness."

Here were two conflicting versions of the British public, one a high and delightful version, the other brusque, critical, rude and low. As a satellite of George Meredith, I remember feeling enraged on first reading this passage. Shaw had no right, so far as I could see, to assume that he knew more about anything than Meredith. Meredith had a finer conception of comedy, a finer imagination. He therefore knew more about the public than Shaw. But that was before I realized a man of imagination like Meredith could fall into the familiar error of imagination, the assumption that the facts of life have some correspondence to one's valid ideas. As to the validity of Meredith's ideas Shaw raised no question whatever. He considered Meredith's ideas excellent, even superfine. All he disputed was the existence of that public which Meredith conjured up in his mind. It was modest of Meredith to assume such a public. It was genial and natural. But Shaw was too busy being accurate to be modest and genial and natural. And Shaw happened to be right.

This mistake of Meredith's is one of the commonest mistakes of the imagination. It consists in supposing that one's own excellent, even superfine, conclusions as to the world as it might be are a clue to the world as it is.

If any feminists have been getting a similar illusion that their own accepted ideas can be assumed to be current, that the world as it is has begun to correspond to their conclusions as to the world as it ought to be, they should purge themselves by reading the Martins. In proceeding toward feminism they will undoubtedly have encountered and demolished most of the ideas that are dear to the Martins. They will have refuted, disowned or discounted practically everything that the Martins have to say. But does that mean that a vast number of people are not still going on in precisely the same habits of thinking and precisely the same habits of arguing? The emergence of the Martins in 1916 is a sufficient rejoinder. It rectifies any light Meredithian supposition that we can conduct ourselves in this world as if its feral inhabitants were as large-minded and "advanced" as ourselves!

It is not because of their arguments that the Martins can be taken seriously. It is altogether because they prove the existence of a viewpoint that one might too easily forget or ignore. When brewers' associations or knitting circles denounce "feminism," one smiles. It seems negligible. But the Martins are not grossly ignorant. They have a certain resourcefulness in debate and a certain limited sophistication. They are entitled to be inspected because they represent an influence that survives. It is hard to believe people can be without basic candor, that they fear, hate and resent freedom so much that they can write a tortuous book in tirade. But such people exist. The Martins prove it. And it is important to pass back of their fanciful "humanism" and their digs at Ellen Key and Mrs. Gilman to realize that ugly prejudices may be obvious and yet decisive, that ugly taboos may be fully exposed and yet passionately retained.

In Mr. Hecker's book on "Women's Rights" there is one 'orrible example in the person of a Philadelphia clergyman. It appears that far off in the dark ages, in 1880, the Rev. Knox-Little got off the following words: "God made himself to be born of a woman to sanctify the virtue of endurance; loving submission is an attribute of a woman; men are logical, but women, lacking this quality, have an intricacy of thought. There are those who think women can be taught logic; this is a mistake. They can never by any power of education arrive at the same mental status as that enjoyed by men, but they have a quickness of apprehension, which is usually called leaping at conclusions, that is astonishing. There, then, we have distinctive traits of a woman, namely, endurance, loving submission, and quickness of apprehension. Wifehood is the crowning glory of a woman. In it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a husband can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying for that monstrous thing, divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him never. Let divorce be anathema; curse it; curse this accursed thing, divorce; curse it, curse it! Think of the blessedness of having children. I am the father of many children, and there have been those who have ventured to pity me. 'Keep your pity for yourself,' I have replied, 'they have never cost me a pang.' In this matter let woman exercise that endurance and loving submission which, with intricacy of thought, are their only characteristics."

Do you think this is all out of date? Ingenuous citizens, it is the attitude that the Martins preserve in almost every essential respect. "Man's moral duty to woman is to prevent her destroying herself by jumping her track." "Womanhood is an infirmity from which women rarely, if ever, wholly recover." "It is woman's way to get along somehow, from hour to hour, compromising with each difficulty as it arises. And there is much to be said for this method." "Voting is just like writing a letter to Santa Claus." "Women's minds seem to move rather in curves and circles, following lines more beautiful, perhaps, but more irregular and more disconcerting. And thus it arises that when one woman's mind comes in contact with other women's minds, all equally erratic in their orbits, there results a certain mutual bewilderment." "To the maintenance of her power for healthy, happy motherhood, every other factor in her life must be subordinate." "Physiologically, socially and morally it is advantageous if she marry by twenty-three." "Never can [women] be prosperous, happy, contented and healthy in industry." "Child rearing is the noblest work an intellectual woman can do." "The only ultimate justification of all material things is that they contribute to the maintenance of 'healthy, happy, bright-eyed human beings.'" "No

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woman should be eligible for president of a woman's college unless, by training several children of her own, she has passed through the enriching career which would qualify her wisely to influence younger women just when they are gazing with eyes of wonder into the land of Romance." "Feminism is the acme not only of anarchistic individualism but of gross materialism." "Woman, like man, must choose between freedom and duty. Her yearning for freedom is not discreditable. It has been shared by the world's noblest spirits. It is, indeed, say the philosophers, an intimation of immortality. But freedom, pursued after it parts company with duty, leads to destruction. And duty to the child is the supreme duty for woman, since, if she abandon that duty, the race must decline." "Woman need not depart from her own province to find abundant means of self-development, of new achievements." "I recall another dear old lady who took her last stand upon crocheted table mats, which she, breathing defiance at modern machinery, refused to abandon."

Except for the stress on divorce, I cannot see that Mr. and Mrs. John Martin differ essentially from the Rev. Knox-Little. It is true that Mr. Martin discusses industry at length and Mrs. Martin discusses domestic service. They have the air of elaborating an argument. But the degree of their enlightenment as to modern woman is similar to that of Mr. Little. Like him, and like a large proportion of the public, they shelter behind pious talk as to institutions the acceptance of a sub-human relation between the female and the male.

Woman's differences from man are worth discussing. There are many sides to the problem of economic independence, to the question of woman's place in industry, to the conflicts between the extreme feministic view as to sexual intercourse and the ordinary respectable view. The case for the established order should not be glibly dismissed. But unless minds meet there cannot be discussion, and the Martins have not given us minds to meet.

What Shaw said of the British public is true of the Martins. "They are everywhere united by the bond of their common nonsense, their invincible determination to tell and be told lies about everything, and their power of dealing acquisitively and successfully with facts whilst keeping them, like disaffected slaves, rigidly in their proper place; that is, outside the moral consciousness." Feminism has its excesses. But to discuss them in this connection would be to assume that the Martins or the Knox-Littles had been entertaining realities. Realities, indeed! In the words of Mr. Shaw, "I drop the subject with a hollow laugh."

F. H.

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Artzibashef

THE widespread belief in a greater Russia, in so far as it is more than a matter of sheer mysticism, probably draws its strongest support from the achievements of Russian literature in its prime. Those of us who absorbed Tolstoi, Turgenief and Dostoevski were indeed thrilled by the new promise which these writers seemed to hold. The large canvases on which they worked, the sweep and breadth of their stroke, their penetrating analyses, came to us as a volcanic revelation of what had long been lacking in our more reserved and timid delineation of human character. Their emphasis upon the under side of humanity impressed us in proportion as we had been surfeited by what seemed, by comparison with our own writers, an exclusive concentration upon the mere veneer of human intercourse. We read them, as every new work of literature should at first be read, with a generous warmth of appreciation rather than with that critical reserve which too often erects a wall before our eyes ere we have had time to look over into our neighbor's garden. What we read amazed and often frightened us. Where we encountered such depths and abysses of human character we hoped also to find the noblest expressions of the human spirit. We longed for contrasts. For us who were always looking for something to come Russian literature became a literature of great expectations. We were in no mood to realize how unstable was the world in which Tolstoi's pseudo-epic figures moved, how tortured the creatures of Dostoevski's pen really were, or how often Turgenief just missed achieving a true portraiture of the mighty originals that he vainly strove to imprison in a borrowed Gallic felicity of form.

No revision of judgment is likely to shake our appreciation of the Russian novel. We may deplore the fatal legacy of nihilistic negation which Tolstoi and Turgenief fostered in the Russian *Weltanschauung* and see in Dostoevski's morbid interest in the disintegration of personality the beginning of a true decadence. It is also easy to point out that a literature which often grew tediously garrulous about the problems of the soul and God and immortality rarely rose above the platitude that death is life's inevitable sequel or to point out that the true serenity of classic literature, so imbued with a curious, arresting timelessness, was conspicuously absent in writers who dabbled in all the philosophies and re-invented all the religions. We would not naturally link their names with Goethe or Dante or the Greek dramatists. For in the final analysis they lacked what these abundantly had, a rich and balanced philosophy of life. Their philo-

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sophy did not even satisfy their own generation and drove the next to sterility or to desperation. The resignation they preached too soon sounded like a madness. They have not, like a true classic, become expressive of an epoch and interpretative of a civilization. They stood out in sharp contrast from what had not yet become a civilization. They were eloquent of a chaos.

At least they gave us a standard. They had undeniable grandeur. There is nothing in our novels comparable to them. To match them at their best we must search our finest tragedies or turn to the Judaic masterpieces. More to the latter perhaps, for Russian literature is essentially a religious expression. And those of us who knew our Tolstoi, Turgenief and Dostoevski well found no difficulty in following Merejkowski, Russia's ablest literary critic, when he spoke of the decadence that followed the passing of these three writers, with Tchekoff and Gorky as transition figures. His criticism is concretely illustrated in such an epigonous writer as Andreyev, with his curious febrile quality, his chattering style and his habit of pushing undigested metaphysics *à l'outrance*. A similar deterioration is already noticeable in much of Gorky, a writer greatly appreciated in this country until some of our best people discovered that this embittered and consumptive man had for many years displayed the most exemplary marital virtues towards a woman who was not his legal wife.

Only with such a standard and against such a background are we likely to come to any just conclusion about a writer like Artzibashef. And in order to do so we must also ignore as much as possible the current vogue for Russian fiction which just now makes almost any novel translated from the Russian a best seller. For the real value of any writer is almost inevitably obscured in an atmosphere which lays chief stress upon the bizarre and the exotic, which treats literature either as a stimulant or a narcotic. It is the more difficult to do this in the case of Artzibashef because he came to us on the wave of a *succès de scandale* which had already carried him into most of the continental countries. His "Sanine" had been altogether too grandiloquently interpreted on the basis of its supposed relation to the abortive Russian revolution of 1907. The book was said to voice the despair and desperation of young Russia at the failure to achieve the political freedom which the convocation of the Duma had seemed to herald. The youth of Russia, balked in their desire for freedom of thought and press and political action, so the interpretation ran, had here asserted their sexual freedom to indulge their passion without restraint as well as their alcoholic freedom to consume even more vodka than before. This was their answer and their defiance in the face of tyranny, and "Sanine," written by one in sympathy with their struggle and their aspirations, was their gospel.

Now unfortunately Artzibashef himself, in a prefatory letter to the "Millionaire," flatly denied this. "Sanine" had already been written in 1903, long before the revolution. It was written, moreover, by a man quite through with any faith in collective revolution or political action who had addressed himself to preaching a type of extreme individualism more or less modeled upon the writings of Max Stirner. It is true that the novel was not published until during the revolution and that it was avidly read in Russia only after it had been censored but reprieved in Germany. But it is likely that the youth of Russia would have plunged into more or less the same dissipation without "Sanine" and it would be equally unsound to blame Artzibashef as a corruptor of youth or to exalt him as a great artist on account of his supposed ability to sweep a nation into admired excesses. In the light of these facts Gilbert Cannan's introduction to the American edition of "Sanine" is a really remarkable piece of misinformation and special pleading.

In the "Breaking Point" the author's point of view has completely changed. While in "Sanine" he still seemed to believe in a fanatical and altogether anti-social individualism he now preaches a doctrine of pure negativism, a complete passivism which arouses itself only to advocate universal suicide. In "Sanine" he had already derided political activity; here he dismisses every kind of activity. Life is always cruel, hopeless, treacherous; goodness and virtue are wasted energy against overpowering odds. The only refuge is Naumoffism, the doctrine that life must be destroyed. "The great thing is to destroy in people the superstition about life, point out to them that they have no right to protract the senseless comedy." In support of this thesis we are first shown a series of incurable invalids, all of whom die some wretched and lingering death. Then follows a veritable epidemic of suicide in the course of which, as in Stevenson's fantastic suicide club, almost all the remaining characters in the novel kill themselves. Dr. Arnold, one of the few important survivors, is asked why he does not shoot himself. His answer is, "Why should I shoot myself? I've been dead a long time as it is!"

It is very tempting, in the case of Artzibashef, to make one of those grandiose but thoroughly unsound sociological criticisms which attempt to interpret a piece of literature in terms of praise or condemnation of a whole people. Thus we might say that in a country so hopelessly oppressed as Russia there is no choice between the unbalanced and distorted individualism of "Sanine" and the equally insane surrender of life that we find in the "Breaking Point." But that would be to assume a determinism for a whole people such as we have long ago rejected as unfair and insulting towards an individual. There is really nothing inevitable about the writings of Artzibashef. They reveal him as a powerful but very limited writer whose main emotional resource lies in dilating upon the human misery of disease and the exaggerated terror of death. With such a bias he can never escape from the artistic vice of excess despite a very real genius for expression. His very power becomes a weakness, for the horror at which he aims grows mechanical and overreaches into caricature. The merest tyro can be eloquent about the sinking of the Titanic, the agony of a mother who sees her child burnt before her very eyes, the sack of a town by drunken soldiers. But only a diseased temperament will find the meaning of life in its horrors and its failure and pretend to take high philosophical grounds in declaring that it is meaningless.

The most notable of the three stories in the "Millionaire" is "Ivan Lande," a brutal but salutary parody of the Tolstoian doctrine of non-resistance carried to its logical extreme. It should be read by all Tolstoians. "Nina" tells of how the magistrate, the police commissioner and the coroner of a small Russian village, having raped and killed a pretty school teacher as the climax of drunken revelry, are called upon the next morning to investigate their own crime. They try to fasten it upon an innocent man but are soon mobbed by the suspicious villagers. Troops are sent for and in the ensuing riot a score of peasants are shot down. It is a swift and terrible story told with artistic economy and considerable restraint. Both these tales give us a glimpse of a more objective side of Artzibashef and raise the expectation that his forthcoming "Tales of the Revolution" will perhaps show us his best work.

ALFRED KUTTNER.

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Learning to Write

How the French Boy Learns to Write; by Rollo Walter Brown. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $1.25.

IF the French child writes far better than the American child of the same age, it is not because of any "superior intelligence or some sort of magic in his native language." It is essentially because expression is made the dominating purpose of the French bookish education. The kernel subject of study is the mother tongue, and grammar, reading, writing, spelling are only special emphases to contribute to fuller ease and accuracy in the use of language.

The American elementary teacher seems possessed of no such synthetic purpose in her instructing. She is teaching these matters as "subjects," not as tools for effective expression. She dimly expects, of course, this happy result as a by-product, but she does not make it the chief end of her daily teaching. When the child reaches college he often enters on examinations of a slouchy inexpressiveness that would be considered in France as evidence of his feeblemindedness. His instructors tear their hair and wonder how he can be coaxed into writing intelligible English and thinking firm and concise thoughts.

What we emphatically desire we procure. Professor Brown's investigation of French *lycées* and *écoles* shows that the French get expression because they mightily desire it and work for it. Very concretely he sets down the graded courses in which the language is taught, describes the procedure in the classroom, discusses the qualities of the teachers. The book is a model of method, written with clearness and ease, dealing with expression in an expressive and pointed way. Professor Brown's purpose was to study the French teaching for the light it might throw on the teaching of English in America. He leaves little doubt that the same systematic method here would produce the same result.

In the French school, Professor Brown finds, the study of the language continues from the earliest age of five through the entire school. In the lower grades ten hours a week are given to it; in the higher, four or five. It is scarcely an exaggeration, he states, to say that the French child writes all the time. Even the small child has his note-book in which he records his problems and quotations and assignments, and he is judged by the language he employs in these books. Grammar, which has become almost a scandal in the American school, fits into the French scheme because it comes as a generalizing of an expressive use of language already acquired. The language is deliberately explored. In the writing of themes, the teacher does not rely upon the formal work, excellent as it is, to produce composition of its own accord. Pupils are not left to flounder with their topic as in the American school and college. There is active discussion in the classroom before anything is written. The teacher feels that it is his first duty to arouse the child's interest in his subject and set his imagination in motion. In this way the minds of the group have opportunity to cross-fertilize each other. After the theme is written, coöperative criticism takes place. Just as the pupils have contributed ideas and points of view to each other before the writing was done, so they are in a mood to react to the product and discriminate between the different treatments of the theme. Both real creation and real criticism seem possible with such a method of approach.

There could be few books more fundamentally useful to the American teacher than this brilliant exposition of the teaching of a mother tongue. R. B.

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